

Songs Rung by my father + mother

Father:

I saw a way worn traveler, in tattered garments
struggling up the mountain, it seems that he was sad
His back was laden heavy, his strength was almost gone
He shouted as he journeyed, "Deliverance will come"
Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, passions of
victory,
I shall wear.

Mother:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself
in Thee. Let the water and the blood from thy
wounded side which flowed. Be of sin thy double
cure, save from wrath and make me pure.
Could my tears forever flow, could my zeal
no languor know. These for sin could not
atone, Thou must save, + thou alone.